



70

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



Capullo
9
M.T.
D.

TODD MCFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS...

DARKNESS

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
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SPAWN #69 Summary

Sam and Twitch discover the remains of Spawn, crucified and headless in a deep alley. When they attempt to remove the body, they find themselves between warring alley gangs. Just as Sam and Twitch gain control of the angry mass, the Freak takes Twitch hostage. During negotiations over the alley turf and Twitch's life, the worms, maggots, rats and flies revive their necroplasmic master.



TODD MCFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS

www.spawn.com

THE BOARD HAS BEEN LAID OUT. THE PLAYERS POISED IN THE POSITIONS THEY DEEM MOST ADVANTAGEOUS. WILLING TO ENTER A BATTLE OVER SELF-ASSIGNED TERRITORIAL PRIVILEGES.

THESE COMBATANTS ARE, HOWEVER, REALLY REACTING TO A PRESENCE, A GHOST NOW BACK FROM THE GRAVE.

AMONG SOME, THERE'S A BELIEF THAT HE SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN GRANTED THE RIGHT OF LIVING WITH THEM IN SOCIETY'S SHADOWS. THAT HE'S AN INTRUDER. AN ENEMY THAT CONTINUALLY DISRUPTS THEIR AIMLESS LIVES.


OTHERS HAVE BEGUN TO REVERE HIM. TURNED HIM INTO SOMETHING MORE THAN HE WANTS TO BE: AN EXCUSE FOR FEELING HOPEFUL. THEIR PROTECTOR. THEIR KING.

FOR HIS PART, THIS CREATURE CALLED SPAWN ASKED TO BE NEITHER ENEMY NOR FRIEND. SOLITUDE WAS ALL HE CRAVED.

BUT THE SIMPLE FACT OF HIS RETURN, OF HIS NEW LIFE, CREATED A RIPPLE WHICH HAS TOUCHED MANY. SOME OF THIS EFFECT WAS THE RESULT OF HIS OWN ACTIONS. AS WITH THE DAY HE LEFT A CORPSE IN THE OFFICE OF TWO DETECTIVES. *

WITH OTHERS, IT'S BECAUSE THEY'D ALREADY CROSSED A LINE PAST WHICH MOST OF US WOULD DARE NOT GO. INTO THE BOSOM OF MADNESS. WHERE INSANITY IS SOUGHT OUT. EMBRACED.

THIS REALITY... THESE PEOPLE... NOW DEFINE SPAWN'S WORLD.



A PLACE WHERE
EVEN THE STRONGEST
OF MEN CAN BE
STRIPPED OF ALL THEY
HOLD PRECIOUS.


WHERE WHAT WAS ONCE
HUMAN CAN FIND ITSELF
A REANIMATED SPECTRE,
WHOSE **NECROFLESH**
IS NOW WOVEN TIGHTLY
WITH THE PUTRID
EFFECTS OF MAN'S
DECAY.

THE CURSE THAT IS
SPAWN HAS BEEN
CALLED MANY THINGS
THROUGH THE CENTURIES.
TANGIBLE FORM
ENSHROUDS THIS NAME
WE NOW FEAR MOST:


THE GRIM REAPER.
IT IS FAR FROM BEING
A MYTH.

WORMS. MAGGOTS. FILTH.
ALL COHERE TO COMPRISE
THIS HELLISH WARRIOR'S NEW
SHAPE. A WALKING, FESTERING
OUTRAGE THAT SATAN HOPES
WILL ONE DAY LEAD HIS ARMY
OF THE DAMNED AGAINST
GOD HIMSELF.

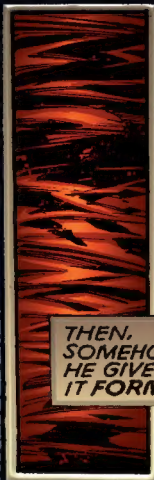
AND THOUGH
HE'S TRIED TO
FIGHT WHAT
HE IS, HE WILL
NOW RESIST IT
NO LONGER.




INSTEAD, AS HE HAS DONE WITH
ALL THE MADNESS AROUND HIM,
HE WILL WELCOME IT. INJECT IT.
ABSORB IT.



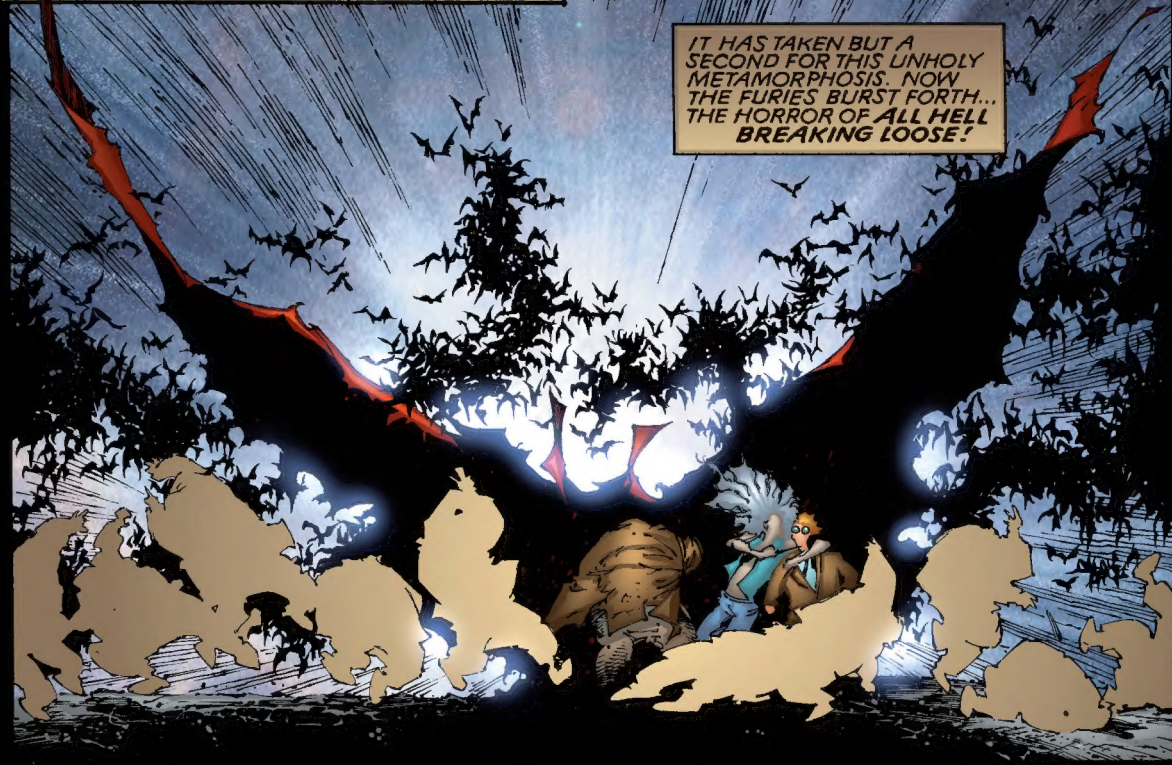
SIN. EVIL. WICKEDNESS.
HE TAKES IT FROM THEIR
AURAS AND COMBINES
IT WITHIN HIS OWN,
HIS CLOAK DRAWN
TIGHTLY TO HIM.



THEN,
SOMEHOW,
HE GIVES
IT FORM.



RETURNS IT TO THE ANGRY
GROUP FROM WHICH IT
WAS BORROWED.



IT HAS TAKEN BUT A
SECOND FOR THIS UNHOLY
METAMORPHOSIS. NOW
THE FURIES BURST FORTH...
THE HORROR OF ALL HELL
BREAKING LOOSE!

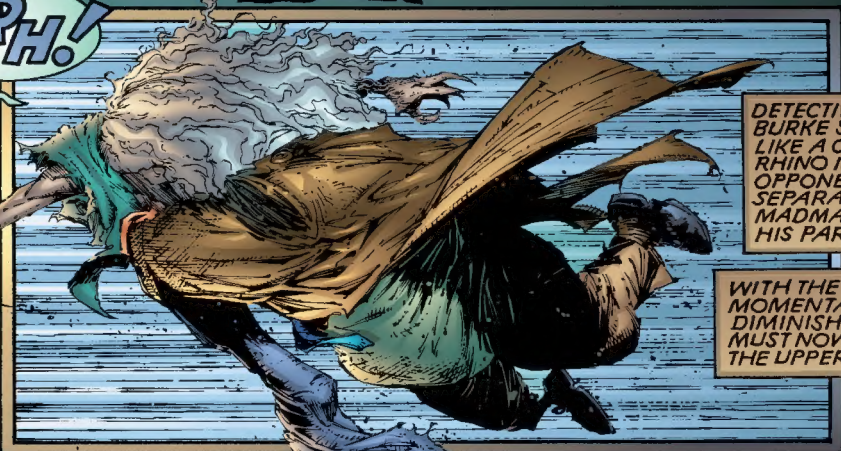
THE CROWD IS SHOCKED SENSELESS. THOSE WHO'D BEEN TRAINED BY NEW YORK'S FINEST INSTINCTIVELY SEIZE THE MOMENT.



AAKH!

NOW, SIR!

UMPH!



DETECTIVE SAM BURKE SLAMS LIKE A CHARGING RHINO INTO HIS OPPONENT. SEPARATES THE MADMAN FROM HIS PARTNER.

WITH THE THREAT MOMENTARILY DIMINISHED, SAM MUST NOW GAIN THE UPPER HAND.



C'MON, FAT MAN, YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT.



HE DOESN'T HAVE TO.

KRAK!



SIR,
YOU
OKAY?

YEAH,
FINE. I
THINK YOU
CLOCKED
HIM
GOOD.



AS THEY COMPOSE
THEIR WITS, THEY
SURVEY THE
SITUATION THEY
HAD JUST LEFT
BEHIND.

AS MORE AND MORE
REINFORCEMENTS APPEAR,
SO GROWS THE CHAOS. A
MOB OF HUMANITY'S DREGS
IS ENGAGED IN A FRENZIED
MELEE THAT SERVES TO
FEED THE BLACK CLOUD OF
SHRIEKING BATS.



EACH WANTED A
RESOLUTION TO THE
SITUATION. NOW
THEY SHALL HAVE IT.

AS MORE AND MORE REINFORCEMENTS APPEAR, SO GROWS THE CHAOS. A MOB OF HUMANITY'S DREGS IS ENGAGED IN A FRENZIED MELEE THAT SERVES TO FEED THE BLACK CLOUD OF SHRIEKING BATS.



OTHERS FIND COURAGE IN THE MIND-ALTERING DRUGS THAT COURSE THROUGH THEIR VEINS.

EACH WANTED A RESOLUTION TO THE SITUATION. NOW THEY SHALL HAVE IT.




WITH EVER MORE GANG MEMBERS ENTERING THE FRAY, MORE BODILY HARM STARTS GIVING WAY TO DECIDEDLY DEADLIER RESULTS.




BOTH SIDES SUFFER LOSSES.

THE ALLEYWAY IS LITTERED WITH A BATTLEFIELD'S BOUNTY. YET THE CARNAGE IS NOT SLOWED IN ANY MANNER.






IF ANYTHING, THE
FRENZY SEEMS TO
BE BUILDING,
TAKING ON A LIFE
OF ITS OWN.

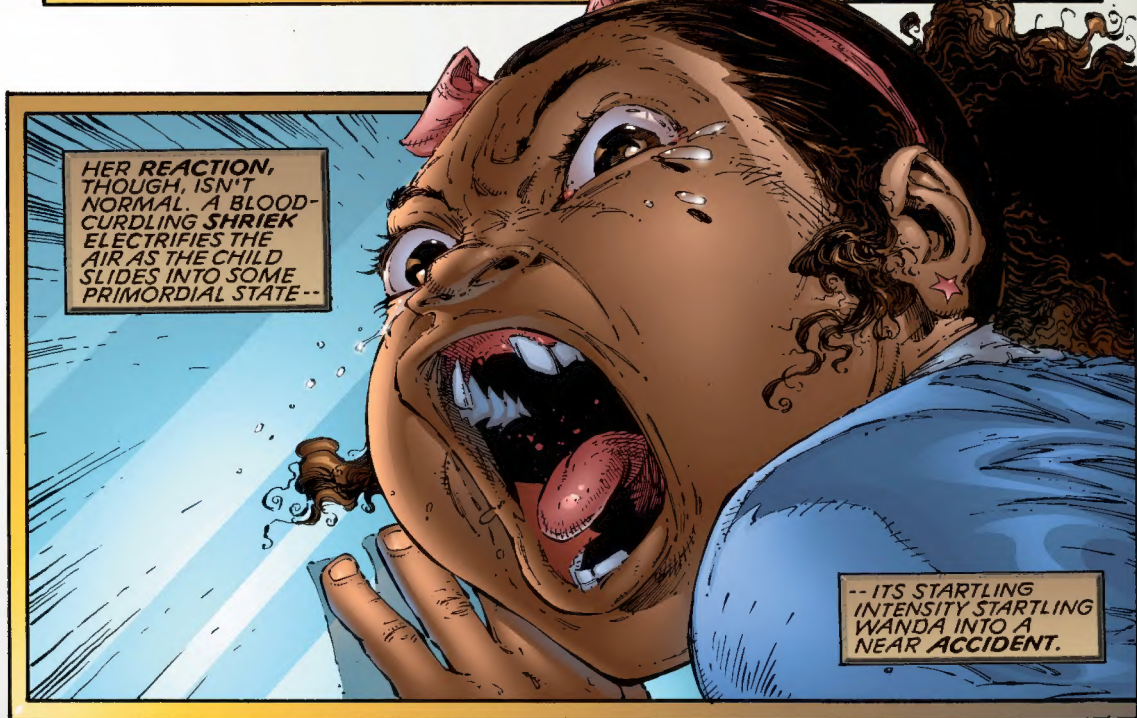
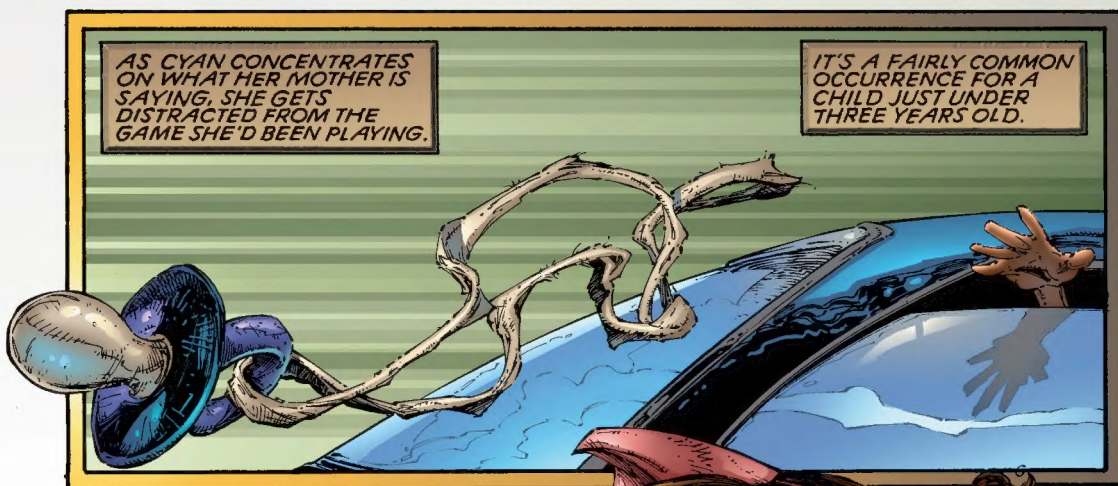


FEEDING EVER
MORE FULLY ON
THE NIGHTMARE
ACTIONS OF
THOSE INVOLVED.



THE ASSAULT FLOURISHES
TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT
SPAWN, GOADED BY HIS
OWN RISING ANGER, HAS
HIS LIVING CLOAK THROW
WIDE THE PASSAGE. IT
CONTINUES TO VOMIT
OUT THE TANGIBLE
EQUIVALENT OF THIS
HATRED AND EVIL.

THERE IS ALSO
A SOUND...
LIKE A DISTANT
ECHO OF A
DEVIL'S CACKLE.



BEFORE SHE CAN EVEN ASSESS CYAN'S TANTRUM, THE CHILD IS UPON HER LIKE A RAGING BANSHEE.

NOOO!!

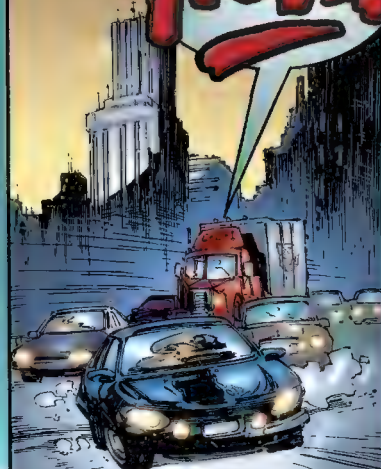
MY NECKLACE
MY NECKLACE
I NEED MY
NECKLACE!

CYAN!?
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
GET BACK TO
YOUR SEAT!
YOU'RE
HURTING
ME!

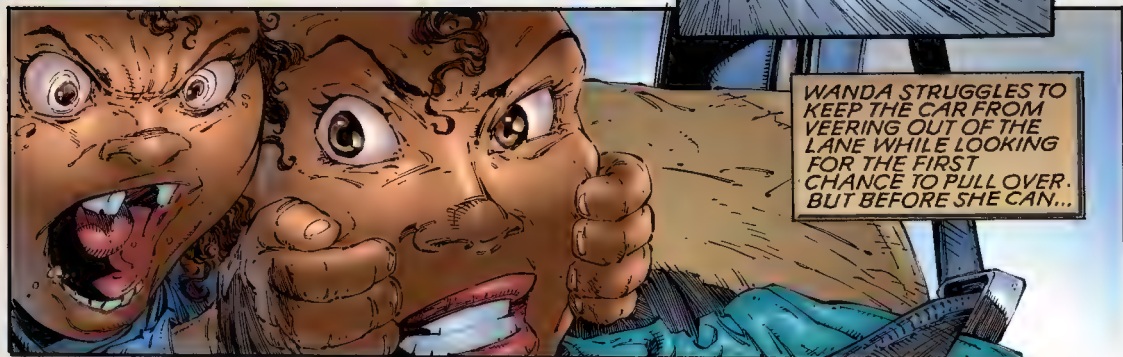


STOP!!
MOMMIE!!
YOU HAF TO
GIT MY
NECKLACE!

NOW!!

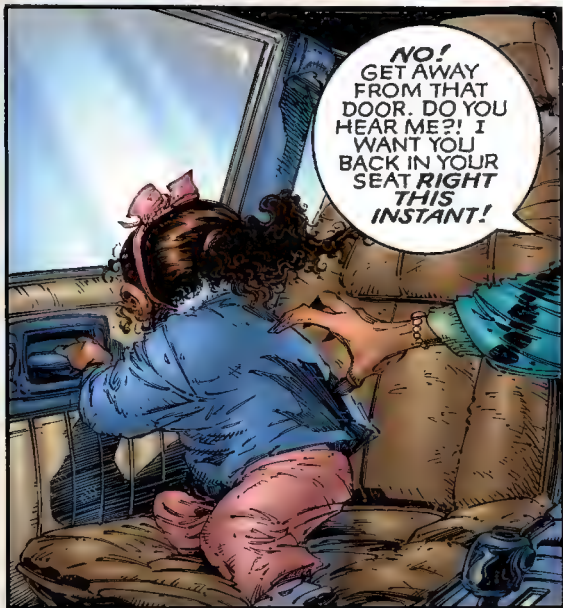


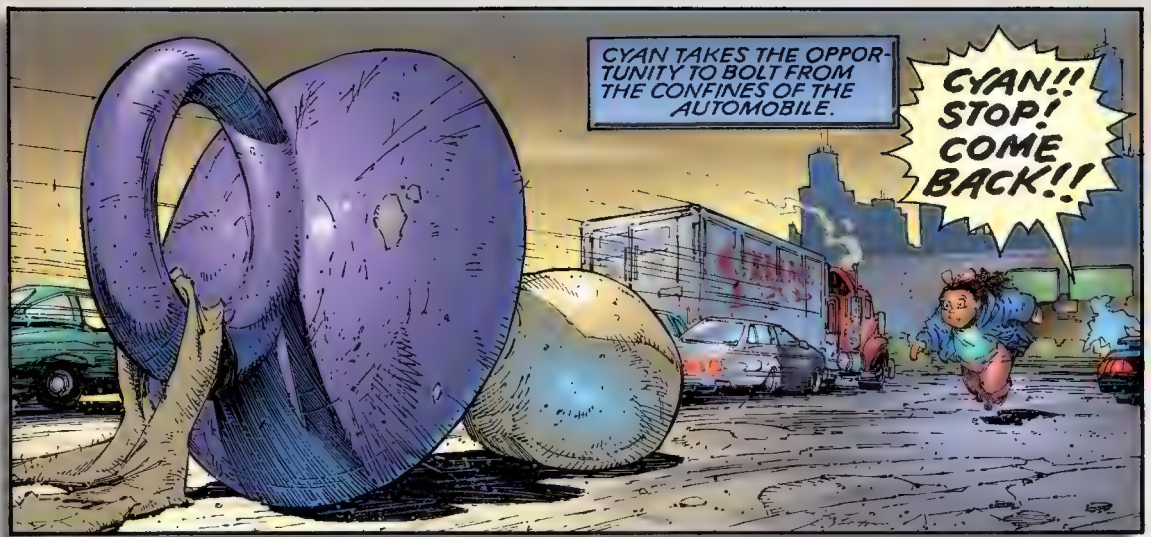
WANDA STRUGGLES TO KEEP THE CAR FROM VEERING OUT OF THE LANE WHILE LOOKING FOR THE FIRST CHANCE TO PULL OVER. BUT BEFORE SHE CAN...



NO!
GET AWAY
FROM THAT
DOOR. DO YOU
HEAR ME?! I
WANT YOU
BACK IN YOUR
SEAT **RIGHT**
THIS
INSTANT!

WANDA PULLS OVER TO THE SIDE AS TRAFFIC BUZZES BY, HONKING ANGRILY.



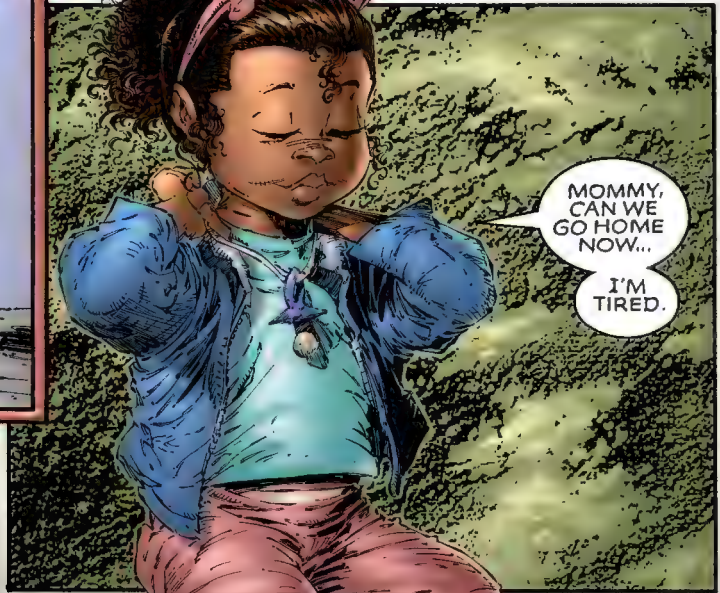


CYAN TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY TO BOLT FROM THE CONFINES OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

CYAN!!
STOP!
COME
BACK!!

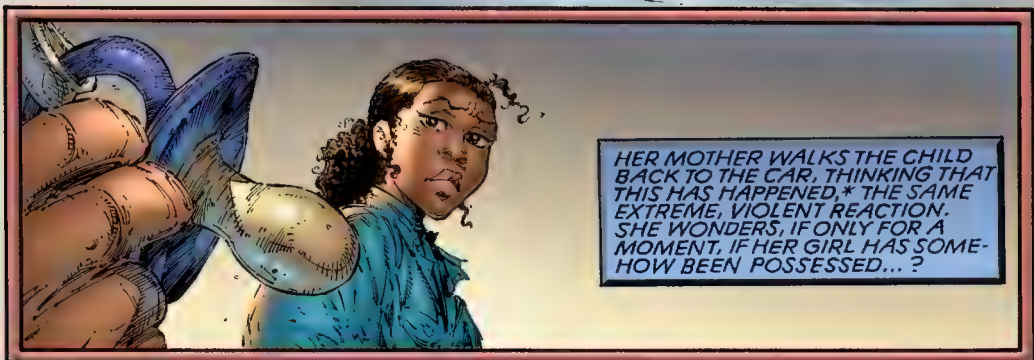


THE SMALL GIRL COVERS THE FORTY YARDS IN SECONDS. MIRACULOUSLY, THE SOOTHER AND NECKLACE HAD LANDED IN THE SHOULDER LANE, TOO -- BECAUSE IN HER STATE, CYAN WOULD SURELY HAVE RUN INTO THE PATH OF ONCOMING TRAFFIC IF THAT'S WHERE HER TOY HAD LANDED.



MOMMY,
CAN WE
GO HOME
NOW...

I'M
TIRED.



HER MOTHER WALKS THE CHILD BACK TO THE CAR, THINKING THAT THIS HAS HAPPENED,* THE SAME EXTREME, VIOLENT REACTION. SHE WONDERS, IF ONLY FOR A MOMENT, IF HER GIRL HAS SOMEHOW BEEN POSSESSED... ?

THE SAME COULD BE SAID OF
THE DANK, FILTH-STAINED
ALLEYS WHICH HAVE NOW
TURNED THOSE IT SHELTERS
AGAINST ONE ANOTHER--



-- WITH AN INTENSITY THAT
RESONATES DOWN EACH
NARROW PASSAGEWAY,
THE DIN ECHOING LOUDER
UNTIL THOSE OUTSIDE
BECOME AWARE.

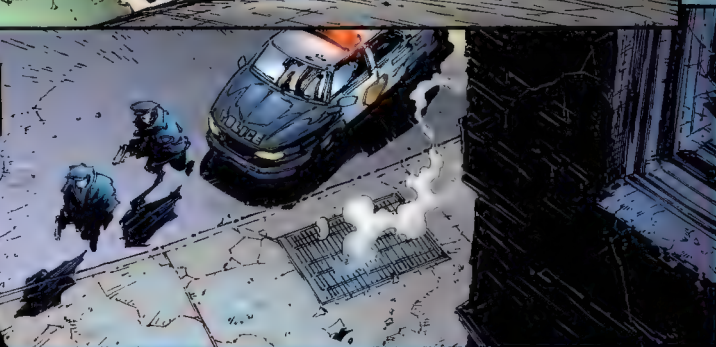


TWO CORROBORATING
PHONE CALLS FROM
CONCERNED CITIZENS
SOON PROMPT THE
CLOSEST PATROL CAR
TO THE SCENE.



... OR AT LEAST THE
GATEWAY TO THE
SCENE.

C'MON.
LET'S GO.



THE OFFICERS
ENTER THE DARK
BOWERY AND
ARE CONSUMED
BY A DARKNESS
SO THICK NEITHER
IS ABLE TO SEE
ANYTHING...



... AND THEN THEY
FIND THEY ARE
HEADED IN THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION...
BACK OUT OF THE
ALLEYS!

WHAT
THE--?!





EXPERIENCE
THE FUTILITY
OF THE
EXACT SAME
RESULTS.

NOT BELIEVING
WHAT JUST HAPPENED,
THEY REPEAT THE
EXPERIENCE OVER
AND OVER



THIS IS
CRAZY!
WHAT THE
HELL IS
GOING
ON?

FRED,
YOU'D
BETTER
CALL FOR
BACK-UP.



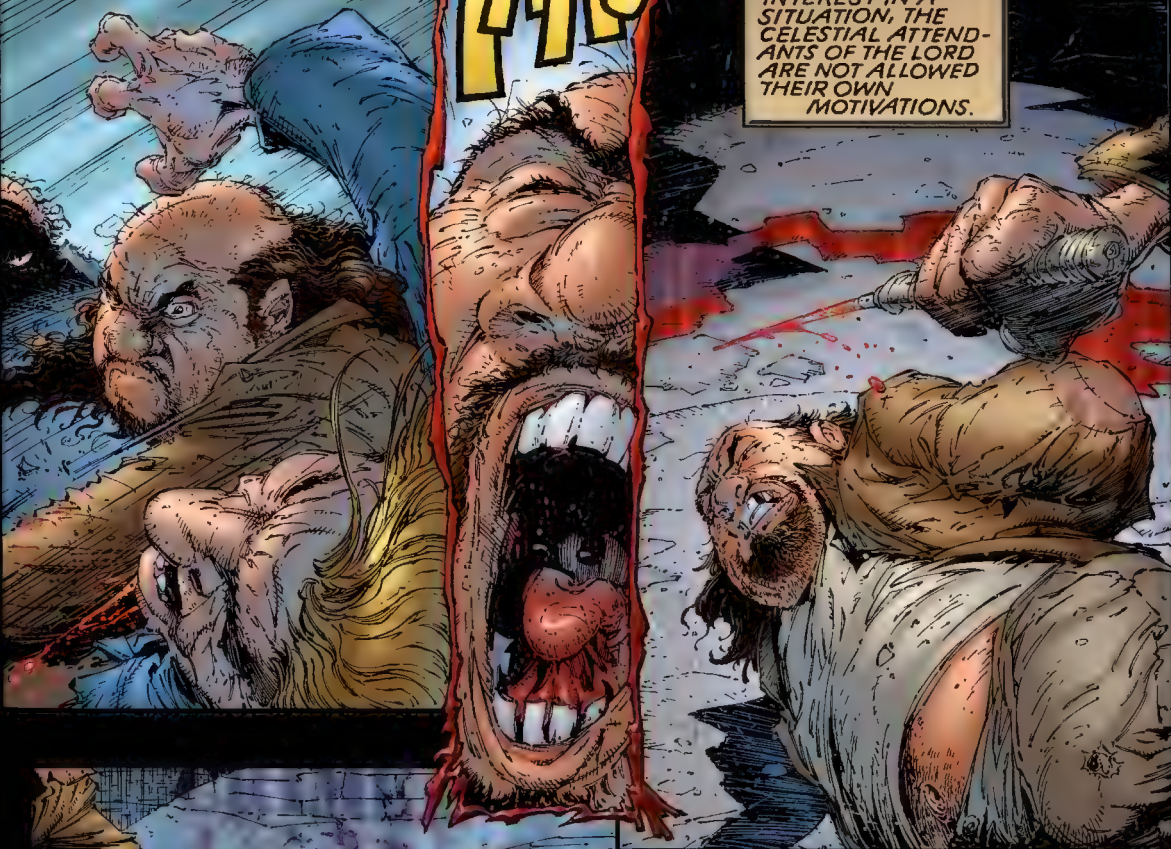
IT WON'T CHANGE A THING.
FOR TONIGHT SOME FORCE,
BE IT HEAVEN'S OR HELL'S,
HAS INTERVENED IN SUCH A
MANNER THAT NO ONE FROM
THE OUTSIDE SHALL INTERRUPT
WHAT IS TRANSPIRING
ON THE INSIDE.

THIS SCENE
MUST BE
PLAYED OUT.

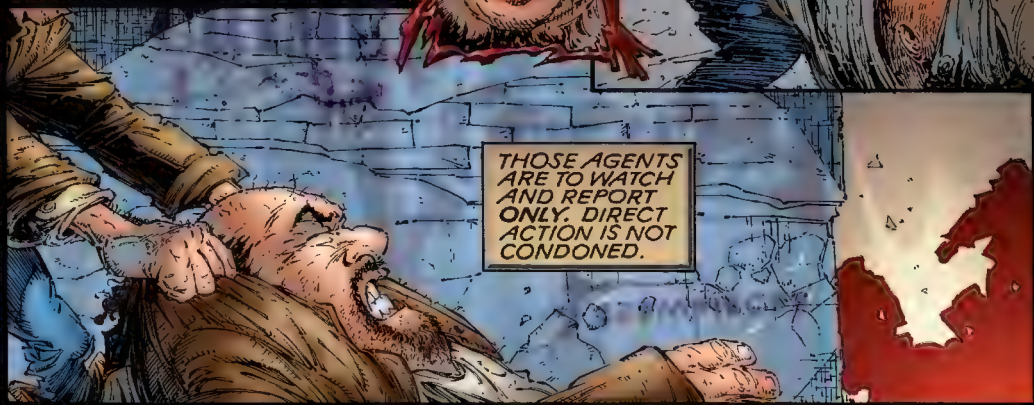
REGARDLESS OF
THE AFTERMATH
OR ITS VICTIMS.

YAA!

WHEN THE POWERS
ABOVE HAVE AN
INTEREST IN A
SITUATION, THE
CELESTIAL ATTEND-
ANTS OF THE LORD
ARE NOT ALLOWED
THEIR OWN
MOTIVATIONS.



THOSE AGENTS
ARE TO WATCH
AND REPORT
ONLY. DIRECT
ACTION IS NOT
CONDONED.




UNKNOWN TO THOSE
AROUND HIM, BOOTSY IS
AN ANGEL MANIFESTED
AS HUMAN. HERE TO
RECORD WHAT GOES ON
IN THIS PARTICULAR
PLACE, HE KNOWS
HIS ORDERS, AS
WELL AS THE
POSSIBLE-- AND
NOW LIKELY--
COST OF DIS-
OBEDIENCE.


YOU'RE
GOING TO BE
OKAY, BOBBY.
JUST HANG
IN THERE.

BOOTSY CURSES
HIS FEELINGS,
AND THE FACT
HE HAS BEEN
ON EARTH
WITH THEM
FOR SO LONG.






HE FEELS BETRAYED
BY HIS EMOTIONS.
WHILE SPAWN HAS
COMPLETELY GIVEN
WAY TO HIS OWN.




ALLOWING HIS
UNIFORM TO TAKE
POSSESSION OF ITS
HOST, SATISFYING
ITS HUNGER ON THE
HORRORS SWIRLING
AROUND IT.

DEVOURING THE
CANCEROUS SOULS
OF THOSE NOW
DEAD AND DAMNED
TO HELL.



SNAPPING WILDLY
AT THE AIR LIKE
SOME CRAZED,
RABID BEAST.
UNTIL...



...IT STOPS
DEAD IN
ITS TRACKS.

CONFUSING AN
ALREADY DAZED
SPAWN. CAUSING
HIM TO WONDER
HOW HE HAS JUST
BEEN NEUTRALIZED.

'THE DEAD ZONE' HE'S JUST GROSSED OVER ITS INVISIBLE BOUNDARY AGAIN.

IT'S A PLACE WHERE HEAVEN IS IN CONTROL, BUT ONLY TO THE POINT OF SUPERSEDING HELL'S EFFORTS TO SUBVERT MANKIND.

THIS INFLUENCE EXTENDS TO SPAWN, MAKING HIM PREY ONCE AGAIN TO THOSE WHO RESENT HIS PRESENCE.

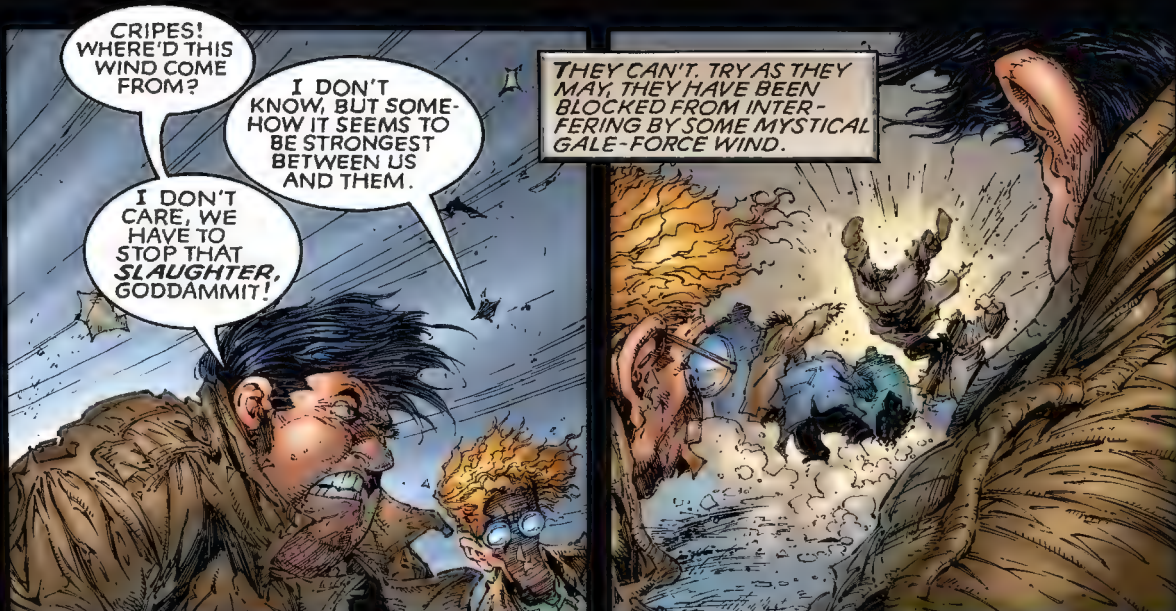
LEAVE HIM *ALONE!* Y'HEAR?! HE'S MINE! I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU KILL HIM!

DETECTIVE BURKE BUYS SPAWN A PRECIOUS FEW SECONDS. IN THE PROCESS, THE CRIMSON WARRIOR IS SHOVED OFF-BALANCE AND STAGGERS BACK A FEW STEPS...

... CROSSING ONCE AGAIN OUTSIDE THE 'DEAD ZONE'.

HIS SYMBIOTIC OUTER SHELL IS GIVEN LIFE SO QUICKLY THAT SPAWN IS HIT WITH THE EQUIVALENT OF A SEVERE DRUG-INDUCED RUSH.

FULL FORCE.



EMERGING
NOT FAR AWAY.

I SAW
YOU
FLEE.

WHAT'S THE
MATTER? WHAT
YOU'VE CAUSED
WASN'T CRAZY
ENOUGH FOR YOU?!
THERE WEREN'T
ENOUGH BODY
PARTS...?

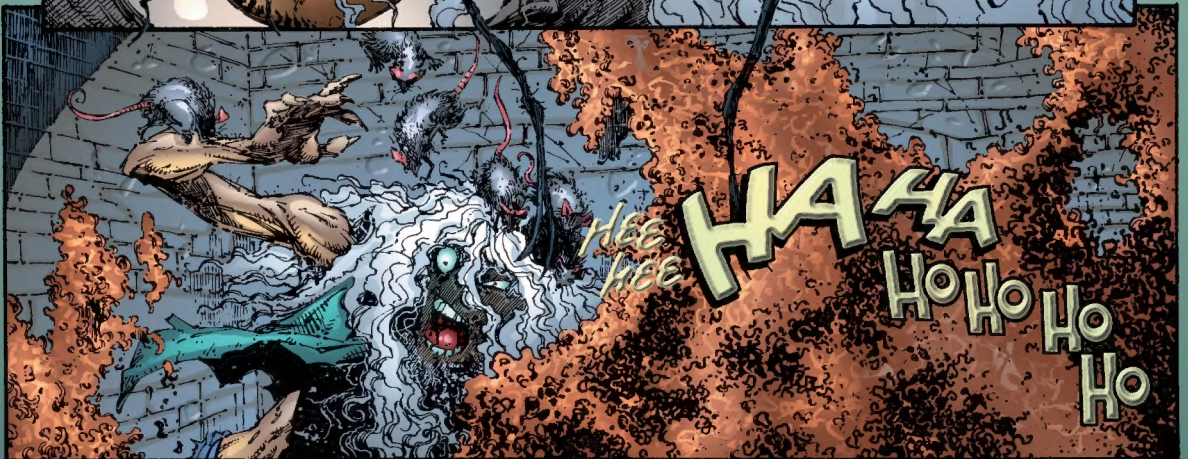
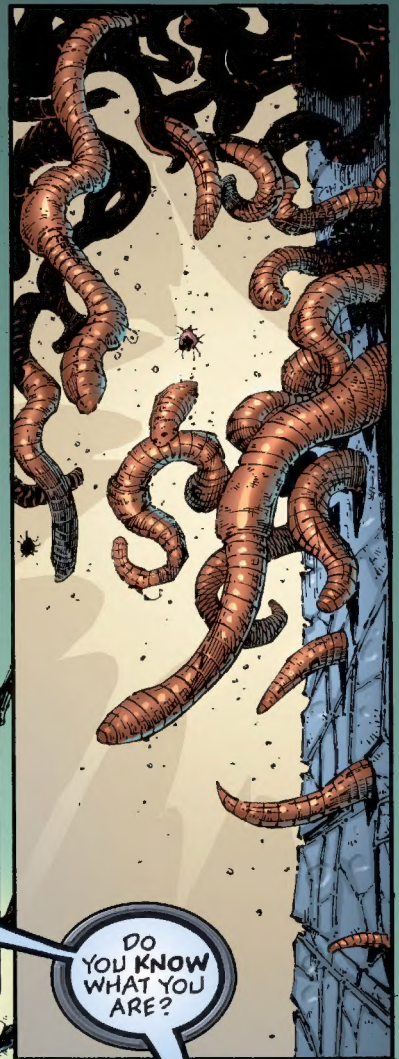
OR
BLOOD.

OR
SCREAMS.

OR
INSANITY?!

HEEEEE...
HA HA HA
HEE
HEE
HEE

SO YOU'RE
ALIVE, AGAIN. IT WON'T
MATTER, THOUGH, 'CAUSE
WHAT YOU WITNESSED
TONIGHT WILL JUST
REPEAT ITSELF UNTIL
THESE ALLEYS ARE
RID OF YOU.





THAT'S
IT! TRY
LAUGHING
IT AWAY. SHOW
ME HOW
UNAFRAID
YOU ARE.



LET US
FEEL IT.
C'MON!
DON'T YOU
WANT TO
FEEL?

SLOWLY, LIKE A LIVING SYRUP,
THE ALLEY'S INSECTS, GRUBS AND
WORMS POUR OVER THE FREAK.
APPEARING MAGICALLY FROM ANY
AND EVERY CRACK AND CREVICE,
DROWNING THE SPINDLY MADMAN
IN A DENSE COAT OF BLACK, SLIMY
MASS. THE HARDER HE STRUGGLES
THE FASTER HE'S BURIED.

EEYAA!

THEN, THE SCREAMS AND STRUGGLES
SUBSIDE, LEAVING NOTHING BUT
SKITTERING SHADOWS IN THEIR WAKE.

KARMA. THAT'S WHAT SWALLOWED HIM.
HIS OWN EVIL. COMING BACK ON ITS MASTER.
THE NETHER CREATURES TRYING TO RECLAIM
THE PLACE FROM WHENCE THEY CAME.

THEY WANT BACK INSIDE HIM. INSTEAD,
THEY'LL SUFFOCATE HIM IN THE ATTEMPT.

BAD KARMA. SPAWN PULLED THE AURA OUT
OF FREAK. GAVE IT TANGIBLE FORM AND
SENT IT BACK.

AND NOW
THE FREAK
IS LITERALLY
KILLING
HIMSELF.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE